

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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No. 1.

June.

June, with its roses — June!
The gladdest month of our capricious year,
With its thick foliage and its sunlight clear;
And with the drowsy tune
Of the bright, leaping waters, as they pass
Laughingly on amid the springing grass!

The overarching sky
Weareth a softer tint, a lovelier blue,
As if the light of heaven were melting through
Its sapphire home on high;
Hiding the sunshine in their vapory breast,
The clouds float on like spirits to their rest.
A deeper melody,
Poured by the birds, as o'er their callow young
Watchful they hover, to the breeze is flung —
Glad some, yet not of glee —
Music heart-born, like that which mothers sing
Above their cradled infants slumbering.

These are thy pictures, June!
Brightest of summer months — thou month of flowers!
First-born of beauty, whose swift-footed hours
Dance to the merry tune
Of birds, and waters, and the pleasant shout
Of childhood on the sunny hills pealed out.

I feel it were not wrong
To deem thou art a type of heaven's clime,
Only that there the clouds and storms of time
Sweep not the sky along;
The flowers — air — beauty — music — all are thine,
But brighter — purer — lovelier — more divine!

—William H. Burleigh.

A glimpse thou art of heaven,
Lovely June!
Type of a purer clime
Beyond the flight of time,
Where the amaranth flowers are rife
By the placid stream of life,
For ever gently flowing;
Where the beauty of the rose
In that land of soft repose
Nor blight nor fading knows,
In immortal fragrance blowing.

And my prayer is still to see,
In thy blessed ministry,
A transient gleam of regions that are all divinely fair;
A foretaste of the bliss
In a holier world than this,
And a place beside the loved ones who are safely gathered
there.

—Mary N. Meigs.

Aunt Betty's Story.

It was the eve of Aunt Betty's birthday. My present had been waiting for ever so long. I gloated over it in secret with distracted feelings; I would not for worlds have betrayed it prematurely, yet I longed to let her guess at the wonderful surprise in store for her. Thus divided in my childish mind I sought her little room in the twilight.

She was not there, and I grew impatient. I must needs look for something to amuse me. But there was nothing that owned the charm of novelty. I gazed about, yawning, when a large moth on the window caught my eye. That called me to action, and, forgetful of all Aunt Betty's pious injunctions to leave God's creatures unmolested, I forth with set upon a chase. Nor was it long before I had caught the hapless insect; it fluttered anxiously, but I held it fast, bent upon examining it, when suddenly Aunt Betty entered. Overtaken in my boyish cruelty I closed my hand upon the little prisoner, and stood trembling.

Aunt Betty, however, did not seem to notice that I was ill at ease, and turned to me with her usual kindness. I felt very miserable, and conversation would not flow, so she told me a story, her usual device when she thought I needed rousing. Now, whatever her stories might be worth, — and they were not by any means always inventions of genius, — they were sure to culminate in some sort of moral which never failed to impress me. Aunt Betty's story on this occasion led up to the statement — God seeth thee!

The words fell on me like judgment; involuntarily I hid my hand behind my back, my heart beating, ready to burst.

"You must know, darling," Aunt Betty went on unconsciously, "that God sits upon His holy throne, an angel on His right hand, and another on His left, each having a book before him. And the angel to the right marks down all the good, however little or weak, which man strives to do while he lives on earth; that angel is always smiling a heavenly smile. But the angel on the left is full of weeping, as he notes down the evil deeds of men. And at the last day, when the great reckoning has come, a voice is heard from the throne — 'Give up the books!' And then our deeds are examined; if there is more evil than good, and we have not repented of it humbly, and received forgiveness of sin, it will go ill with us!"

Auntie's story troubled me greatly. I pressed my hand together closer and closer, feeling at the same time as though a live coal were burning my palm. It was conscience which burned. The poor moth must have been dead long before, yet I felt as though it were still fluttering within my grasp, trying to free itself from the unkind

hold. "God seeth all things," said auntie, "and we must answer to Him for all our deeds at the last day!" Self-control was at an end; a flood of tears came to the rescue; and, unable to say a single word, I held out my palm to Aunt Betty, the crushed moth witnessing against me.

She understood at once, and drawing me to her heart she first pointed to the wing of cruelty; but added her own sweet words of consolation, that God would forgive me if my tears could tell Him I was sorry. But I was not able at once to grasp this assurance, sobbing piteously. Never was there anything more tender, more full of love, than Aunt Betty's ways when comfort was needed. It was she who prayed, I repeating the words after her. But they came from my heart, and never was there more sincere repentance. * *

As for the poor moth we buried it sorrowfully in one of auntie's flowerpots. We gave it a coffin of rose leaves, so that the mangled corpse need not be touched by the covering earth.

—From the Danish.

Duty of Training Animals.

Next to the duty to supply the wants of dependent animals is the special duty of wisely training, so far as we may, the animals which are in any sense committed to our care. That this is a duty to the animals themselves is obvious from their capacity to be educated by such training, and to gain more or less enjoyment from the discipline which follows. Few men are aware how wide and various are the opportunities, and how imperative is the duty to enhance the enjoyment of the animals with which they are associated by means of wise and judicious and patient training. The domestic animals of a household, which is controlled by a spirit of order and kindness, in this particular seem almost to belong to another species than those of a family in which conscience or skill in this service is absent. It would almost seem as though the horses and herds and fowls of the one came from a different stock as compared with those of the other, especially if the discipline of gentleness and method has been tried from the birth of the animals in question, and been re-enforced by a physiological heredity. That men need to be awakened to a sense of their defects and opportunities in respect to this class of duties is obvious. That, when they are aroused to any just estimate of both, and are quickened to heed the suggestions of wisdom and the voice of conscience, the animals which haunt the houses and are seen in the streets of men will be in a sense transformed by sympathy with their masters, cannot be doubted.

—President Porter's Elements of Moral Science.

A Plea for the Blessed Birds.

Prof. Edward E. Fish, a member of the Field Club of Buffalo, read at a recent meeting a very valuable paper on the protection of birds, from which we make the following extracts, regretting that we cannot print the whole.

THEIR GREAT USE TO MAN.

No other animals not subject to the control of man perform so great services in the economy of nature as our wild birds. Regarded only in a utilitarian point of view their services are inestimable and their absence would entail an almost incalculable loss to the country. It is estimated that they save to agricultural purposes alone annually over one hundred million dollars in the United States. In many sections insect life is still so abundant as to make human life almost unendurable. In other sections it is only kept in check by birds, and there is no place in which, were this check removed, it would not greatly hold the balance of power. The number of flies, mosquitoes, gnats and other small insects destroyed in one day in a small area by warblers, swallows and fly-catchers alone, is beyond computation. From daylight till dark, all through the summer months, these birds wage incessant war on the enemies of man. The woodpeckers, nuthatches, titmice and creepers occupy most of their time in clearing the trees of larvae, grubs, cocoons and insect eggs. The vireos and warblers are the scavengers for the leaves and branches. The thrushes, starlings and some of the finches attend principally to the ground worm, whose great number often make branches of husbandry precarious. Other species keep in check the spread of noxious weeds by getting their entire subsistence from these seeds. The cuckoos, orioles and some species of sparrows, by thinning off the caterpillars, canker-worms and many other destructive insects, make it possible for our orchards to bear edible fruit. It must be remembered, in this connection, that these lower orders of life are prolific in an inverse ratio of their organic development, some species multiplying annually by millions instead of by ones and twos. It is well known by all who have investigated this subject that of all the food used by the birds, both young and old, ninety-nine per cent. is wholly useless to man, and for each of these fractional parts the birds save many thousand fold.

THEIR HIGHER MINISTRY.

Do we not look forward to the appearance of the first birds of spring with as much longing eagerness as we do for the summer skies, the bursting of the leaves and the opening of the earlier wild flowers? They are a large part of the music, beauty and poetry of nature, and minister as much to the pleasures of our higher senses as the fine arts. He who loves nature—and who does not?—would as soon miss the bright hues of the flowers, the restful color of the grass, the ever-changing skies, as the presence of the birds. Their songs are the most characteristic features of articulate nature, and occupy a place that nothing else could fill.

THE CRUEL DEMANDS OF FASHION.

Abominable is the wholesale slaughter of birds for ornamental purposes. This to a large extent is done in out of the way places. The victims are concealed until they pass into second hands, when they are exhibited as having come from other localities or from abroad. All over the country worthless men and boys are employed by the larger dealers. The pay is small, and the slaughter must be immense to be profitable. It is a traffic in blood, and should call forth the hottest indignation and the most scathing rebuke from right thinking people.

Every such ornament is a badge of shame thoughtlessly worn, no doubt. I will not believe it comes from real innate cruelty of heart. These women, wives, sisters and daughters, do not stop to consider the cost; they do not think of the precious lives destroyed, the beauty blotted out of the world, the many songs forever hushed, the little helpless birds often left in the nests awaiting with open mouths for the food that will never come. All because feathers are bright and ladies love ornaments.

NEEDLESSLY SLAIN FOR OTHER PURPOSES.

Men in the cause of science are often criminally wasteful of precious lives. It is not necessary to kill a thousand birds of one species in order to identify this species. I wish to impress on the mind of the young naturalist the fact that shooting and stuffing birds, robbing the nest of eggs

to blow and spoil, and preserving animal forms in alcohol are not necessarily any parts of the true study of natural history. True, if carried on under proper restraint, they may be auxiliaries and helps, but they should always be in the background. The art of taxidermy has been prostituted to such base and ignoble uses that many people with sensibility shrink from it as from the occupation of the executioner. We might as well kill our poets, artists and musicians to study them, as to kill and dissect the birds for the same purpose.

It is well to get knowledge, but wisdom untempered by the noble attributes of human nature is neither beneficial to the possessor nor productive of good to others. Unfortunate for that civilization when the virtues of sensibility, mercy, kindness, and a due regard for the rights of others do not keep pace with the increase of intelligence and education. We may not doubt the necessity of taking life in the cause of science if it subserve some noble end and is used for the general good; but to destroy it uselessly for selfish purposes should subject one to the detestation of right-minded people. In this connection let me say I believe that if by your teaching and example others learn to be more compassionate and humane in their dealings with the lower animals, more tender and loving with children, and more gentle and considerate towards age, you will confer a greater benefit on the world than you will by teaching much technical knowledge or even by adding a new fact to science.

BEST KNOWN BY WHOM BEST LOVED.

Those who know them best are those men and women who love them best, who are familiar with their habits, who know how they live and mate and nest, how they get their living, how they find their way north and south over thousands of miles of diverse lands and climate and to their old homes. They are those who can interpret their twitters and calls and songs. Wilson Flagg perhaps knew the songs of birds better than any other man in America, and yet he told me that he never took the life of one. Thoreau, too, studied the live birds, and not their skeletons. So with Burroughs, who never kills one even for identification only under mental protest; yet what other men have invested with equal charms the study of natural history? What person can read their charming works without loving better the objects about which they wrote?

Brehm, the great German naturalist, who is authority on all matters of ornithology, never kills these singing friends. The harsh old adage, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," is obsolete with such men, who believe rather, "A bird in the heart is worth a thousand in the hand."

I have a friend who loves the birds so well that, like Leonardo da Vinci, he often visits the shops and purchases some of the little songsters that were unfortunate enough to be captured, and at a proper time carries them to their natural homes, the woods, meadows or orchards, and then sets them free. He tells me that no other expenditure of money yields him an equal amount of pleasure. I venture to say the day is not distant when there will be such a change in public opinion in this matter that instead of shrinking from a public or private defense of our feathered friends one will blush that he ever lifted his hands against them.

The Governor and the Fawn.

There is a pretty little story told of Grover Cleveland's last summer at a resort in the Adirondacks. At the hotel where he was stopping, the gentlemen were very fond of sporting, and also of young venison. One day when they were out on the lake in a boat, a little fawn ran down into the water, and they were able, by getting in its rear, to finally catch it alive and drag it into the boat. After they had done so it again escaped them and got out into the water. But they recaptured it, and brought it dripping and frightened to the hotel. Here they announced their intention of killing it for the table. The ladies, however, who were delighted with it, made a strong petition for its release. There was much discussion, and it was finally decided that it should be tried for its life before one of the party, who should be judge. This was done, and the speeches were made. But the judge found the fawn guilty of death, and the sentence was passed. The ladies still pleaded, and it was finally decided to let the Governor decide whether it should be pardoned or not. He promptly granted its pardon, much to the disgust of the hunters, and the little thing bounded away.

A True Story.

"Where is the baby, grandma?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosy kitchen,
With its dainty whitewashed walls,
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;
Grandma's eyes grew dim;
The father's gone to the village,—
No use to look for him.
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!
Rover!" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard;
And there by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well, lies Rover,
Holding to baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead,
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said:

"Here's a 'little dirl in the 'ater;
She's dust as big as me;
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.
But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover!
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying,
"My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see, he licks your hand!
Kiss Rover!" Baby struck him.
But grandma understood;
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

—Abbe Kinne, in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

General Custer and his Horses.

With his own horses he needed neither spur nor whip. They were such friends of his, and his voice seemed so attuned to their natures they knew as well by its inflections as by the slight pressure of the bridle on their necks what he wanted. By the merest inclination on the general's part they either sped on the wings of the wind or adapted their spirited steps to the slow movement of the march. It was a delight to see them together, they were so in unison, and when he talked to them, as though they had been human beings, their intelligent eyes seemed to reply.

As an example of his horsemanship he had a way of escaping from the stagnation of the dull march, when it was not dangerous to do so, by riding a short distance in advance of the column over a divide, throwing himself on one side of his horse, so as to be entirely out of sight from the other direction, giving a signal that the animal understood, and tearing off at the best speed that could be made. The horse entered into the frolic with all the zest of his master, and after the race the animal's beautiful distended nostrils glowed blood-red as he tossed his head and danced with delight.

—"Boots and Saddles," by Mrs. Custer.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith. For 50 copies or upwards at the rate of \$2.00 per hundred; 2 cents each for small quantities.

Whole number of Bands of Mercy to May 25, 5,037, with over 318,621 members.

New Bands of Mercy.

4806. New Orleans, La. Trinity S. S. Band.
P., R. T. Black.
S., Warren Kearney.

AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS OF MERCY.

505. Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
4795. Empire Band.
P., Henry Doepel.
S., Lillian E. Clark.
T., Gussie Morgan.

506. Sandusky, Ohio.
4796. Golden Rule Band.
P. & S., Mrs. M. N. Clarke.

507. Grand Rapids, Mich.
4797. Fountain St. School Band.
P., M. A. Lovell.
S., Mrs. B. Vanderfield.

508. Philadelphia, Pa.
4798. Golden Eagle Band.
P. & S., Nellie Hill.

509. Lowell, Mass.
4799. We'll Try Band.
P., C. A. Hanaford.
S., Grace P. Colby.

510. North Brookfield, Mass.
4800. District No. 1 Grammar School Band.
P. & S., Lizzie A. Browning.

511. Lowell, Mass.
4801. Green Grammar School Band.
P., Mary E. Snow.
S., Lena A. Gookin.

512. New Orleans, La. McDonough School.
4802. McDonough Band.
P., S. Angell.
V. P., J. Matthews.
S. & T., G. Tebault.

513. McDonough Band.
4803. P., M. K. Hamblet.
S., Annie Conwell.

514. Cleveland Band.
4804. P., A. L. Miller.
S. & T., J. Donovan.

515. Corning, N. Y.
4805. Union School, Memory Band.
P., Robert Hayt.
S., Sarah S. Eaton.

516. Washington, Pa.
5007. P., Emma Frazier.
S., Annie E. Ecker.
517. Fort Madison, Iowa.
5008. Wild Clover Leaf Band.
P. & S., Minnie A. Hoffmeister.

518. Dracut, Mass.
5009. No. 7 School. Earnest Band.
P., Annie M. Parker.
S., Leo D. Foster.
T., Minnie Coggeshall.

519. New Orleans, La.
5010. Jefferson Band.
P. & S., A. M. Dart.

520. Pascoag, R. I.
5011. Laurel Hill School Band.
P., Mabel Taft.
S., Everett Barnett.
T., Cora J. Esten.

521. Muskegon, Mich.
5012. Pillsbury No. 3 School Band.
P. & S., T. I. Portneus.

522. Cavetown, Md.
5013. P. & S., D. H. Garver.

523. Brownsville, Pa.
5014. Excelsior Band.
P., Lewis Prichard.
S., Junius Troy.
T., Sarah J. Miller.

524. Randolph, N. Y.
5015. Willing Workers' Band.
P., Nettie E. Moore.
S., Howard H. Jones.
T., Ellen E. Van Rensselaer.

525. Washington, Pa.
5016. Angell Band.
P. & S., Isabella N. Freeby.

526. Annapolis, Ill.
5017. Muddy Creek Band.
P. & S., J. F. Buckner.

527. New York, N. Y. Normal College Training Dept.
5018. P., Rosa Davidson.
V. P., Fannie Gillet.

528. Sanford's Corners, N. Y.
5019. P. & S., Alice Northrope.
529. Prairie du Chien, Wis. Prairie Band.
5020. P., Carrie Bertholet.
S., Corda Blancher.

530. South Georgetown, Mass.
5021. P., R. W. Perkins.
S., Alice Pierson.

531. Washington, Pa. Goodheart Band.
5022. P. & S., Anna M. Ruple.

532. Washington, Pa. I'll Try Band.
5023. P. & S., Sadie E. Gantz.

533. Bryn Mawr, Pa. Angell Band.
5024. P., Hannah Gyger.
S., Carrie Butler.

534. Grand Rapids, Mich. Fountain St. No. 2 Band.
5025. P. & S., C. E. Burch.

535. Morristown, N. J. Friends of the Helpless Band
5026. P., Seward Erdman.
S., Cora B. Davis.
T., E. F. R. Campbell.

536. Tipton, Kansas. Prairie Flower Band.
5027. P., Rozella D. Beard.
S., Chas. Brinkman.

537. Washington, Pa. Catharine Smithies Band.
4028. P. & S., Janetta B. Hart.

South Portland, Oregon. Golden Rule Band.
5024. P., Mrs. L. L. Lewis.
T., Achsah Fain.
S., Azuba Fain.

538. Jacksonville, Florida. Grammar School. Star
5029. P., Mamie Tucker.

539. Angell Band.
5030. P., Mrs. C. M. McIver.

540. Rosebuds Band.
5031. P., L. Baker.

541. Excelsior Band.
5032. P., L. M. Jones.

542. Loving Watchers Band.
5033. P., H. E. Harman.

543. Pansies Band.
5034. P., L. Kennedy.

544. Dew Drops Band.
5035. P., M. H. Hatter.

545. Peacemakers Band.
5046. P., Mrs. A. A. Washington.

546. Victor, New York. Ontario Wide Awake Band.
5037. P., Homer Snyder.
S., Marion J. Snyder.

Men, Women, and -- Dogs.

Women, to whom a dog is significant of a fidelity sometimes lacking in man, carry their adoration to the extreme. When a woman falls completely under the control of this canine craze she demands from all about her an absorbing interest equal to her own. The luxurious appointments of modern days are lavishly bestowed upon these pets. The resources of the furrier and the jeweler are exhausted, the one to provide the costliest clothing, and the other jewels, which equal in cost those worn by their loving owners. Women go even beyond this; they hold canine receptions, at which cards, flowers, and elaborate refreshments are as much *de rigueur* as at their own social reunions. These pets feed off the rarest porcelain on food prepared by a *chef*. When they die their bodies are embalmed and their graves decorated with the choicest flowers.

Men are no less enthusiastic in their love for dogs. This is applicable alike to toy, miscellaneous, and sporting breeds. Every sort has its admirers. The hideous bulldog, worshipped by some as the apotheosis of comeliness, the majestic St. Bernard and mastiff, the faithful colley, the graceful greyhound, and dozens of other varieties, whether useful or merely ornamental, are bred with a care and discrimination which has resulted in the production of animals of extraordinary beauty and value.

—Gaston Fay, in *May Century*.

The Noblest Watch-Dog of Them All.

The grand preeminent qualities of the mastiff are shown in his affectionate, true, noble, faithful disposition and even temper. He is above all others the watch-dog. Bred for generations for this purpose his impulses lead him exclusively in this direction—to watch and guard, and to repulse trespassers within his precinct. He accomplishes this end by a resolute and imposing bearing, never resorting to force until repeated gentle warnings have been ignored. Menace to the person of his master the mastiff fiercely resents. His mode of attack is to spring upon an evil doer, knock him down, and subdue him with significant growls. He seldom bites, even under the severest provocation. To guard those living in isolated localities, as a protector of women and children, he is without a peer—the sturdy and faithful watchman of the home.

—W. Wade, in *May Century*.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, June, 1885.

Our Friends, the Animals.

From the Florida Herald (Jacksonville) of April 20.

There is a movement on foot in the city to organize a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This movement includes a large number of resident ladies and gentlemen, led by Mr. Angell of Boston, and Miss Hill of New York. The two last come into our midst with the record of years of effective and successful work in this cause in other cities, and with a practical experience which will be of great service to the proper organization of the Society. Mr. Angell is President of the Massachusetts Humane Society, and is a man of standing and distinction. As the outcome of his quiet but effective work in Jacksonville for the past few weeks a meeting has been called at Library Hall for Wednesday evening, to which the public is most cordially invited. Leading citizens will be present, several short speeches will be made, and we feel justified in saying that the meeting will be interesting and largely attended, as it ought to be.

We heartily approve the spirit and purpose of this effort in behalf of the noble animals that do us service and are our friends. In the abstract it is cruel, cowardly and ungrateful to mistreat a dumb and defenseless creature whose whole life is cheerfully spent in the cause of our profit and pleasure. Measured by the good they do us, and the good will with which it is done, the domestic animals are the best and most disinterested friends we have. What man of us would not feel himself or his neighbor dishonored by imposition on a friend, by neglect of a friend, by cruel, rank unkindness to a faithful human friend? Does it make any difference that the mistreated animal has no voice for its reproaches or its indignant protest? It is only the absence of reason that makes the difference between the animals that speak and the animals that are dumb. In the noble qualities of the heart there are many things in which they are equal and alike. In dogs and horses particularly, gratitude, fidelity and friendship are conspicuously illustrated, and the St. Bernards are, after all, the noblest philanthropists of the world. Of the selfishness or interested motives of human friendship we may at times be uncertain, but of the unalloyed loyalty of our devoted brutes we may never feel a doubt.

So much for the nobler motives that inspire us to kind and considerate treatment. But beyond this our own selfish interests prompt us to prolong the life and preserve the health and strength and cheerfulness of the friends that serve us. There is in the very slaughter of those animals we eat a way not only merciful to them but valuable in its sanitary and gastronomic results to ourselves.

In the formation of an organized effort to protect our dumb and faithful friends and to care for them properly humanity does itself honor. To aid in such a work is brave, manly and merciful in men, tender and kind in women, and an invaluable first step in life for children. There is nothing weak, or womanish, or sentimental in it. It is a noble, practical and necessary kindness, and commands the sympathy and respect of all.

Let us have a full meeting at Library Hall on Wednesday evening.

Four Weeks in Florida.

The following letter was received from Mr. Angell too late for insertion in our May number. Covering the whole ground of his important work in Florida it is, historically as well as humanely, too valuable not to be permanently preserved in print. We give it a deserved place in the present paper.

JACKSONVILLE, April 23, 1885.

I have been quite busy in Florida. At St. Augustine I lectured in one of the churches Sunday evening, April 5th. and the next evening had the pleasure of addressing and helping form the "*St. Augustine Humane Society*," starting with seventy-seven members. It has now between one and two hundred, holds meetings weekly, is full of enthusiasm, proposes to have several hundred members, to obtain as soon as possible and enforce a city ordinance for protection of animals, and obtain a State law as soon as it can. An ex-mayor is President.

In Jacksonville I have given four lectures, three in churches, two on Sunday nights, and one before the Southern Presbytery. I have also addressed the schools, and formed eight white "*Bands of Mercy*" and several colored, and talked with many citizens. I had the pleasure last evening of addressing and helping form "*The Florida Humane Society*." It has among its members some of the most influential men and women of Florida. They propose to have a membership of several hundred in the next few weeks, and to move vigorously to enforce a city ordinance, and obtain a State law. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction has taken hold of the "*Bands of Mercy*," and proposes to introduce them into Florida schools, and the Roman Catholic priests in both St. Augustine and Jacksonville have pledged their help to these societies. I am quite pleased with my success in Florida, and start for Boston day after to-morrow. I should add that my first appeal through the papers brought to my aid one of the most indefatigable workers I ever met, in the person of Miss Sarah B. Hills, of New York city, a lady owning property in Florida, and widely known for charitable work in her own city. My success in Florida is largely attributable to her persistent and unceasing efforts to overcome the unusual difficulties which have rendered all similar attempts in this city and State failures.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Acknowledgments.

It would require a long article to acknowledge all the kind help I have had from good people in New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, proprietors of the *Daily "Picayune"*, first of all. If the State Humane Society flourishes and becomes a great power in Louisiana it will be largely through their influence. Without them it would not have been formed. * * * The other daily papers also gave much help. Hon. Warren Easton, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and President of the National Superintendent's Association, —through him I was invited to address the New Orleans teachers, and that with his continued help laid the foundation for "*Bands of Mercy*" in the schools. His excellent mother and sister, —their whole hearts were enlisted in our work — Mrs. Schaffter, who has done so much in her "*Picayune*" weekly column, and Col. Daniel Dennett in his — Rev. Dr. Holland, Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church; perhaps the wealthiest church of the city,

who was the first clergyman to call upon me, and by whose aid I helped form the first "*Band*" in his Sunday school, which is the largest in the city. President Johnston of Tulane University, by whose invitation I was able to reach that important body of students, — Superintendent Bettison, of New Orleans public schools, — the various principals and teachers of the large white schools, and Presidents Hitchcock, Hoyt, Traver, Tucker, and Harrison of the colored universities. To all these, and many more, I am much indebted, but to no one more than to Hon. Geo. Y. Johnson of Kansas, Superintendent of the Department of Agriculture of the World's Exposition, whose earnest appeals on the ground of humanity led me to go to New Orleans, and who was always ready to do everything in his power to make my visit a success. In Florida, too, I found ready help from the editors of all the daily papers, from Major Russell, State Superintendent of Public Education, from Dr. Babcock, Superintendent of Jacksonville Public Schools, from the various Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy, and prominent citizens and teachers, and last, though not least, from the unceasing, untiring energy of Miss Sarah B. Hills of New York city, who from the moment I first met her worked with the zeal of a knight and the faith of a prophet to establish "*Bands of Mercy*" and Humane Societies in the State of Florida. G. T. A.

Don't Let the Bands of Mercy Starve to Death.

The following letter in substance has been sent to several of the Humane Societies that publish monthly Humane papers:—

BOSTON, May 7th, 1885.

DEAR SIR.

I have no doubt you fully agree with me that the "*Bands of Mercy*" must be fed or they will die for want of nourishment, and they cannot be fed without food. To provide this no better plan can be adopted than to put a copy of your valuable paper every month into every "*Band of Mercy*" in your State.

Children in school get tired and restless. It will be easy for teachers once in a while to ring the bell and say, "Now we will give five minutes to an interesting story." At its close let the teacher recite the pledge, sentence by sentence, the whole school following.

The whole would take five or six minutes, and the school refreshed and rested would look as much brighter as one of the gilt or silver badges after a five minutes rubbing with polishing powder. I think children prize what costs them something, and a contribution of one cent each would be the best thing. But to teach mercy to man and dumb creatures in all the schools of your city and State by interesting stories, songs, poems, and pictures, will make a permanent impression on the children and perhaps their parents also. It seems to me that for such an object it would not be difficult to obtain a popular subscription from real estate owners and business men, whose property would be made more safe by such teachings, particularly when it is remembered that these teachings would reach tens of thousands of children who never attend churches or Sunday schools, and who must be reached in our public schools or nowhere.

Nearly all the criminals of the future are now in our public schools, and we are educating them.

With kind wishes, GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mr. Angell's Southern Experiences.

STRAIGHT UNIVERSITY.—SEED SOWN IN GOOD SOIL.

Sunday afternoon, Feb. 8th, I lectured before Straight University, New Orleans, the principal colored educational institution of that city, with, I think, some six hundred students. They had two large "Bands of Mercy," one named after Mr. Bergh and one after myself, and with their glistening badges and "Band of Mercy" songs made a most happy impression. At the close of my lecture a white gentleman rose in the audience, and said in substance this: "Some ten years ago I was student in Dartmouth College. Mr. Angell came there to address the students. I had never before hardly thought of the subject of kindness or cruelty to animals. When I left college I carried with me no stronger impression from my college life than that of my duty to God's lower creatures." The gentleman was Mr. Henry H. Moore, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools of Minneapolis, and in charge of the Minnesota Educational Exhibit at the World's Exposition.

It is a great pity that our "Humane Societies" have not the financial means to send missionaries into every State, and preach the gospel to every creature.

TULANE UNIVERSITY AND PRESIDENT JOHNSTON.

Tulane University is to New Orleans and Louisiana what Harvard University is to Boston and Massachusetts.

At the close of my address to the students of that university, March 3d, the President, Col. Johnston, son of the distinguished Southern General Johnston, after telling the students several incidents of his father's kindness to horses and other animals, offered two books—one costing seven dollars and the other five—as prizes for the best essays on "The difference between kindness and cruelty." It was a most thoughtful and kind act on the part of President Johnston, and the ultimate good that may come from setting all the students of Tulane University thinking on that subject no man can estimate.

When I called upon President Hayes, at Washington, some years ago, to see if he would put into his annual message to Congress what I had written him on transportation of animals he said it had already gone in, and added, "When I was in the law school at Cambridge I heard a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Hedge of Brookline, relating to our duties to animals, which I have never been able to forget."

A BRIGHT SILVER DOLLAR.

On March 27th I was to speak to the "Cookman Institute," a missionary seminary having some three hundred colored youth of great variety of ages. I took my best and most thoughtful lecture. It was the last hour of school, and they would doubtless be wearied and restless with the long confinement. I took a bright silver dollar from my pocket, held it up and said: "I now propose that all who wish to, shall, in the next few days, write on paper all the points of this lecture you can remember, and hand to your principal, and the one who remembers the most takes this silver dollar which I now hand to the Rev. Mr. Darnell, your Principal. I had a very attentive audience. Mr. Darnell subsequently told me that one student minuted about forty points of the lecture. A few days after, my wife heard a colored boy in the street explaining to others that "The gentleman said it was no use to have blinders on horses."

THE LAST SCHOOL IN NEW ORLEANS.

The last school I addressed in New Orleans, just before leaving that city, was "The Webster Girl's School," on the corner of Dryades and Erato streets, named after Daniel Webster, whose portrait hung in the assembly room. A finer looking collection of girls and teachers it would be difficult to find in any State.

I think I spoke about forty-five minutes, and certainly never felt better rewarded than by the kind looks and words which I saw and heard. I did not attempt to form them into a "Band of Mercy" then, but left that for future consideration and action. You can imagine how pleased I was a few days after my arrival in Florida to receive this letter:—

NEW ORLEANS, March 20, 1885.

George T. Angell, Esq.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I address you at the request of our honored Principal. Your efforts, seconded by those of the corps of teachers at the Webster School,

have met with the greatest success. I am happy to state that the pupils responded gladly when invited to join a society named the "Webster Band of Mercy."

Said Band now numbers 340 members, and the scholars are zealous and earnest in their endeavors to show acts of kindness. *Each girl strives to outdo her neighbor in rendering assistance to the helpless, whether it be an unfortunate human being in distress, or a much abused dumb animal.* The "Band" will adopt the beautiful motto you admire, "Blessed are the Merciful."

Written and approved by the members of the Band, March 20th, 1885, at the Webster School, in the city of New Orleans, State of Louisiana.

"WEBSTER" BAND OF MERCY.

Number of members 340.

President, Miss Isabelle Simmons.

Vice-President, Miss Charlotte Stuart.

Treasurer, Miss Nellie Watson.

Secretary, Miss G. I. Lambourne.

This Band was organized March 13th, 1885.

Permit me to sign as Secretary,

Very respectfully yours,

Miss GERTRUDE IRENE LAMBOURNE.

A SCENE IN FLORIDA.

The Duval School, of Jacksonville, is the largest white school in Florida, and its Principal, Miss Tucker, a teacher of State reputation.

I was invited to address that school Monday morning, March 30th, at 9 o'clock.

When I arrived the assembly hall was empty, except teachers, Superintendent of Education, and some invited guests.

At the stroke of a bell hung outside a march was played on the piano, and about five hundred boys and girls, keeping step to the music, marched in, the girls in one column the boys in another. The Superintendent of Education read a short chapter in the Bible, the children and teachers all recited the Lord's Prayer together, then a song sung by the school, then my address about forty-five minutes, then the school followed me, sentence by sentence, taking the pledge of "The American Bands of Mercy"—"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and will try to protect them from cruel usage," then a little girl came to the platform and presented me a bouquet of flowers as beautiful as her own sweet face, then another song, then keeping step to the music of the piano the school marched out to their various study rooms, and so was formed "The Duval School Band of Mercy."

Subsequently I aided in forming the school into eight "Bands" under the presidency of their respective teachers, Miss Tucker being unanimously elected President of the whole when assembled together.

Through this school, by giving each pupil a copy, I was able to send Longfellow's illustrated "Bell of Justice," printed at the expense of our good Boston friend, Mrs. A., into almost every prominent white family in Jacksonville, and so laid the foundations of the State Humane Society which we subsequently formed in that city on April 22d.

HAVE YOU HAD A GOOD TIME IN THE SOUTH?

Have you had a good time in the South? is a question often put to me since my return to Boston.

Yes, I have had a good time in the South. Sometimes I have been far from well. But I have had a good time in the South, full of pleasant recollections, which I shall never forget in this life, and I trust not in eternity.

Very sad scenes I have witnessed in the South in the abuse of God's dumb creatures, and others more sad I have heard of. But when I have looked into the eyes of the children glowing with earnestness, when I have found such ready sympathy in teachers, and educational authorities, from State superintendents, and the head of the highest university down, when I have met so many ready to forget old wrongs as they considered them, and look only to the future, I have felt that in God's good time all these things will be righted, and the new South may yet lead in the vanguard of the great army of civilization and humanity. Yes, I have had a good time in the South, and am thankful that I have been permitted to do what I could there in the past five months.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Directors' Meeting.

At Directors' Monthly Meeting, May 20th, President Angell reported his work at New Orleans and Florida during the past winter. State Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty have been established at New Orleans and Jacksonville, and a local one at St. Augustine. Some fifty large Bands of Mercy were organized in the white and colored schools of New Orleans and Florida.

During the past month Office Agents have dealt with 146 complaints of cruelty, taken 51 animals from work, and caused 72 to be mercifully killed.

A friend offers to pay the expense of preparing cuts and directions to show the police how horses, dogs, &c., can be killed in the most merciful manner, which are now being prepared.

Another friend has proposed to build a lethal chamber for killing animals by carbonous oxide gas.

There are now 5,019 Bands of Mercy in the U. S., with over 300,000 members. The Society has but three paid officers, and has work for four times that number. The President gives his services, and the paid agents' salaries are not high, but as the expenses of the Society last year exceeded its receipts over \$600, no more officers can be employed until larger funds are subscribed.

Voted that the following be added to the By-Laws:

It is the duty of every officer and agent of this Society, while in its employ, to treat every person coming to its offices or entering any complaint, *however unreasonable such person may seem to be*, with courtesy and politeness, both in words and manner, and endeavor that every such person shall be, so far as possible, satisfied and pleased with the Society and its agents.

All persons having dealings with the Society's officers are requested to promptly notify the President in writing of any violation of this rule, or other cause of complaint, and he will, in his discretion, bring such communications before the Directors at their next meeting.

Robert K. Darrah.

We regret to announce the death on May 22d, of Robert K. Darrah, one of the directors, and a true friend of our Society. Our friends will remember the very liberal donation given by him to our Society a few years ago, at the request of his wife Sophia Towne Darrah, who died in 1882. As this was given to our permanent fund, the names of the givers will be preserved as long as the permanent fund of our Society. Mr. Darrah's official duties have prevented his attending our meetings, but he has always taken a deep interest in our work.

The Editor.

During Mr. Angell's absence "O. D. A." has been edited by the Secretary. The next (July) number, will be edited by Mr. Angell.

We are glad to note the safe arrival in England of Rev. Thomas Timmins, and doubtless shall soon have the pleasure of recording the good results of his philanthropic labors there.

Recognizing the need of an attractive publication specially adapted to the wants of the great army of humane workers springing up everywhere, Mr. Landon, of the *Humane Journal*, has brought out the *Band of Mercy Advocate* in a high grade of typographical and pictorial art. This beautiful quarto, brimful of interesting poetry and prose, is published monthly in Chicago at the very low sum of half a dollar per year. All Bands of Mercy should hasten to subscribe for it.

Another helper in humane work appears in *The Band of Mercy and Humane Educator*, issued monthly by the Young American Humane Union of Philadelphia, at only twenty-five cents a year.

Georgia.

The annual meeting of Georgia Society was held at Augusta, May 13th. The old board of officers was re-elected. Henry B. King, President.

A Band of Mercy Boy.

May 26th.—Willie Marshall, of 5 Edinboro' St., Boston, saw a dog run over by a horse-car, which had broken one of its legs. He took the dog up in his arms and brought it at once to our office, a distance of over half a mile.

Reports from Kindred Societies.

AUGUSTA, ME.—President Owen's annual report to May 1, 1884, says: "Last year, for the first time, our citizens responded liberally, and the Society is making its plans for the ensuing year on the idea that their generosity will be repeated as they shall be called upon." He states a simple but very important fact: "In order to do efficient work, the Society must have money in its treasury."

Agent Reed gives a good account of his labors, and makes these gratifying statements:—

"As a Society, we have almost altogether broken up the barbarous practice of some market-men and butchers in transporting in carts, their legs tied together, of live calves, sheep, swine, and poultry. The case is now rare where they are not brought into the market in comfortable pens."

"Not a great number of cattle pass through here on the cars, the most going from Maine passing over the 'back route.' The managers of the Maine Central are very friendly towards the objects of the Society, and certainly would allow no merciless practice in the transportation of dumb animals."

FLORENCE, ITALY.—On the 25th March last the annual assembly of the Florence Society for the Protection of Animals was honored by the presence of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, Princess Mary of Cambridge. Count Arrivabene, the President, after inviting her to occupy the presidential chair, opened the sitting with an address, closing as follows: "The fact of your presence here this day your Royal Highness, will also doubtless attract additional interest to our efforts, already so much encouraged by the generosity of many of your noble compatriots, and in special manner by the well known philanthropist and humanitarian, Richard Barlow Kennett; and thus once again England and Italy will be found united in a circumstance combining together for good, the thought of which penetrates just now with peculiar warmth into our heart of hearts, knowing as we do that even at this present moment many of our noble countrymen are dividing in distant climes the perils and privations of the brave British Legions."

FLORIDA STATE HUMANE SOCIETY.—Its headquarters are at Jacksonville, and the following are its officers. They are among the most respected citizens of the state.

President—Colonel J. J. Daniel.

First Vice-President—Judge R. B. Archibald.

Second Vice-President—Major A. J. Russell.

Honorary Vice-Presidents—The ministers of all the churches in the city; Messrs. C. H. Jones, John T. Graves, and Harrison Reed; Hon. J. C. Greeley, of Brooklyn; Mr. J. S. Burch, of Lavilla; Dr. J. M. Fairlie, of East Jacksonville; and Mr. Monroe DeWall, of Springfield.

Directors—Dr. J. C. L. Engle, Judge A. Doggett, and Messrs. J. M. Schumacher, P. McQuaid, and J. W. Archibald.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. John P. Varnum.

PITTSBURG, PA.—The Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, whose annual meeting has been before noticed, now sends its tenth report in a handsome pamphlet issue. President Eaton says: "The year just closed has been the most successful and prosperous in the Society's history. More work has been performed and more money raised to carry it forward than in any previous year. Success has attended our efforts in all departments, and we feel more than ever encouraged to press forward." And farther on: "Our laws are ample for the protection of both children and animals. But our chief reliance for the suppression of the evils of which we complain must be humane education. To this end we must rely mainly on the Pulpit, the Press, and the Public School. Humane literature should be generally circulated. Children from their earliest years should be taught lessons of kindness. Impressions made in childhood are lasting. Make the children gentle and kind, and we soon have the men and women."

Some thrilling cases of cruelty to children and animals are related by the managers. The Secretary speaks of the great number of office complaints, many mistaking the functions and jurisdiction of the Society, and many to save the expense of going before the proper authorities. It is estimated that "three-fourths of the office calls are cases of wife-beating, or husbands deserting their wives," a gross brutality that suggests the possible need of societies for the prevention of cruelty to wives.

Appended to the report is the able address of the Society's Solicitor, Charles F. McKenna, before a committee of Congress on cattle transportation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The District of Columbia S. P. C. A. (since Feb. 13, 1885, the Washington Humane Society,) has issued a handsome pamphlet report for the year 1884. Prizes have been awarded to public school pupils for the best compositions on "Kindness to Animals" and kindred topics. Two drinking fountains were given to the District, a relief to thirsty animals that has proved highly beneficial. The thwarted fox hunt of December is duly noticed. Suitable resolutions to the memory of Mrs. Sarita B. Hutchins are printed, also the eulogistic remarks of Mr. George L. Douglass, who said of her: "She had the most remarkable command of language I ever knew, and, whether in writing or speaking, her words flowed on in a harmony and a rhythm of the most marvelous beauty. Yet, back of all that she said and wrote, lending strength to what was in itself the perfection of gracefulness, was a mind of the highest order, perhaps the kindest heart that ever beat, and a love for doing good as boundless as the world itself." His closing words were: "The influence of her noble and devoted life will remain long after the day when the last one of us shall have followed her gentle footsteps over the threshold of time into the measureless ocean of immortality."

Agent Russell, who is reported by Secretary Smiley to have devoted time unsparingly and interest unceasing to humane education, says: "That the Band Mercy work is a very important part of the labors which fall naturally under the supervision of the Humane Society. These juvenile clubs have already abundantly demonstrated the necessity for their existence and capacity for improvement, and it is to be hoped that in the near future new incentives to activity and better aids to the accomplishment of their high purposes may be provided, and that the entire city will be dotted with these nurseries of kindly thoughts blossoming into brave and kindly deeds. "The most potent agent for prevention of cruelty by children, and cruelty to children, is the Band of Mercy compact, into which it should be sought to draw, by the silken ties of love, all the youth of our city."

Agent Key gives an illustration of a far too prevalent custom of killing horses prematurely. He adds: "By a wise consideration of the age and condition of the animal, and by something of the care bestowed upon injured men, it is safe to say that much humanity may be exercised in the case of a valuable horse that had been given away as worthless because of a broken leg that afterward was measurably cured, towards animals even with financial profit." He strongly condemns the practice of insuring horses' lives, and then killing them upon accidents or sickness occurring.

Having given much attention to the shoeing of horses he thinks that "horses used in light wagons and carriages should not be shod at all. Of about 20 horses now used in this city without shoes some have not had on shoes for three, five and ten years; they are free from hoof diseases and lameness, more active, and apparently free from pain. Horses heavily shod often wear a care-worn look, and may frequently be seen resting one foot at a time when opportunity is offered."

"There are several horses in Washington, still in their prime, which were ridden to the war in 1861. Suitable care will, on the average, prolong a horse's life to the 35th year."

Humane killing is mentioned thus: "At the pound in this district there are more than 3,000 dogs killed annually by shooting. The agent has found this method not wholly satisfactory, and, after considering drowning, poisoning, and other methods, has decided that a charge of electricity would be the most humane method that could be employed." [Now will Agent Key go a step farther and show how this method can be brought into practical use as a convenient, economical, and safe process for painlessly killing dogs and other of the smaller animals?]

The agent closes with "humble acknowledgments to the tricycle which has carried him at such a rate as often to outrun horses, and to enable him to arrest the drivers who would otherwise have escaped."

Some Brute Eyes.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Among wild animals the different species of deer are noted for having a great deal of soul in their eyes. That when suffering pain and terror, as when hunted down, they will shed tears like human creatures in distress is a familiar statement. Amid what other trials of life and death their tears may flow we have not the means of knowing.

Some summers ago I was spending vacation with relatives in Orleans County, Vt. One afternoon my host, an amateur farmer, procured for some special work a yoke of oxen from a neighbor who owned much neglected land and many cattle, and whose pastures were habitually grazed down to the very earth. The yoked oxen were brought round to be attached to a cart in our yard, which at the time was ankle-deep with luxuriant grass, looking fit almost to be classed with esculents for the table. The instant the poorly-fed cattle came through the gate upon the unwonted sight they made a plunge into the midst and commenced to eat voraciously.

I was used to cattle's ways, part of my childhood having been lived on a farm, but the length of tongue which those beasts curved sickle wise to gather in the great mouthfuls of delicious grass, and far more the suddenly dilated expressive eyes, were an astonishment, a thing never to be forgotten. I was standing directly in front of them, and excitedly put their appeal into words, begging they might be allowed to make a meal; and the amused old gentleman, although in some hurry about the labor of the day, indulged them for a few minutes, after which they obeyed his low-spoken word and went to their task. But those bovine eyes, meanwhile standing out large and luminous with a dumb language, are indescribable. It was much more than eagerness they expressed, more than gladness even. Interpreted as we would interpret one another it might without extravagance be called satisfaction and thankfulness.

One spring, later, the same friend lost a valuable cow by allowing her too much or too cold water at the birth of her calf. Helpless and beyond the reach of help the poor animal with bloated body lay at the point of death. Not only her owner but his wife, who was extremely fond of the domestic animals, kept mournful watch over her. It was the woman who gave me the particulars. All at once, she said, the calf, a sturdy fellow, quit exploring the corners of the stable, capered up beside the prostrate mother, and giving her a *bunt* tried to get at the teat. At this the sick brute, who for some time had shown scarce a sign of life, lifted her head from the straw and turned it so as to bestow upon her offspring one last look—and such a look!—so full of love and pity and farewell, so like that of a human mother under similar circumstances, that they who saw it thought they had never witnessed a more pathetic sight. L. S. G.

The Bull-Terrier Defended.

The generally received impression seems to be that the bull-terrier is a quarrelsome, dangerous, and especially bad-tempered dog. This may be true of his mongrel cousins, the thick-headed, sullen-looking, and many-colored brutes often called bull-terriers, but which are about as much like the bull-terrier of the proper stamp as a Suffolk Punch is like a Derby winner. It certainly is not true of the thoroughbred. The bull-terrier has been slandered in this respect. He has a high temper when roused,—with his great courage it could not be otherwise,—and, like all high-spirited animals, his disposition may be easily spoiled by abuse and bad management; but, when properly trained and kindly treated, his temper is especially good.

No dog exhibits greater affection toward his master; neither is he quarrelsome, and, though at all times ready to defend himself, he seldom begins a fight. Toward strangers he is generally indifferent, nor does he make friends quickly. His qualities are positive; he has strong likes and dislikes; but his confidence and affection once gained he is exceptionally faithful and steadfast. * * In this country he is not a universal favorite, owing to the prevailing but unfounded belief in his ferocity. Wherever he is well known, however, this prejudice disappears, and closer acquaintance will insure his popularity.

—J. P. Stinson, in *May Century*.

Pigeon Fancy.

Pigeons have undoubtedly been used for many centuries to carry messages, and they are still used for that purpose; but at present, where one is used for carrying a message, thousands are flown in matches for a trial of speed. In considering them it should be remembered that they fly only to their loft, being influenced solely by their desire to get home, and that they accomplish long distances only after a prolonged course of training. In the opinion of most persons who have carefully weighed the facts, their wonderful feats may be altogether accounted for by their acute eyesight, good memory, and great power of endurance and speed. Cases have been cited which were thought to prove that they possess some mysterious power of divining the way home, but the weight of the evidence is decidedly against this notion. Fog and darkness invariably interfere with their return, and even a light fall of snow, which changes the appearance of the landmarks, has thwarted them. Journeys of three or four miles have been made on moonlight nights; but the offer made by Mr. Tegetmeier of £10 for any pair of pigeons which would fly twenty-five miles on a dark night (although thousands will fly two hundred and fifty miles in a day) was not met. The same gentleman took a pigeon, which had often flown fifty miles, a distance of five miles in a fog, and the bird very wisely remained upon a housetop until the fog cleared away.

The mystery of this homing power is lessened in some degree, when it is considered that a pigeon's power of vision is probably much greater than that of man, and that Mr. Glaisher, from a balloon one-half mile high over London, could see the River Thames all the way from Richmond to the Nore, and when a mile high the cliffs at Dover seventy miles away. There can be little doubt that the very best-bred pigeon would certainly be lost if taken one hundred miles away for its first flight. Some birds which were twenty hours upon a journey of eighty-three miles flew over the same ground the second time in two. Even old ones, which have flown in races the previous season hundreds of miles in length, are never sent upon the longest journeys without being, in some degree, re-trained that year to refresh their memory.

Dragoons, Tumblers, Owls, and other varieties, have been used as carriers; but the birds used for this purpose are prized solely for their flying, are generally the product of several judicious crosses, and so are of every variety of color. They must be muscular, close-feathered, with broad overlapping flight-feathers. Probably ninety-nine one-hundredths of the pigeons flown as carriers look much like common pigeons, being somewhat larger and stronger, stouter in build and beak, and having a sharp, intelligent look. When a pigeon, destined to be a homer, is two or three months old, he is taken a half mile or a mile away from his home and allowed to fly back. Then he is taken two miles, then say four, eight, sixteen, and, perhaps, by this time ten, twenty, or thirty miles farther at each stage. Many birds are lost while being trained, thus carrying out the principle of the survival of the fittest.

A most remarkable opportunity for the use of carrier pigeons was afforded by the siege of Paris. Pigeons whose home was in that unfortunate city were sent out in balloons and subsequently loosed to make their way back as bearers of valuable official and private despatches. By paying a high rate of postage any person could send a message to a friend in Paris limited to a certain number of



FEEDING BEAUTY AND DARLING.

words. A very large number of despatches were set up in type, making a page as large as that of a newspaper. This was reproduced on a much reduced scale by photography upon a small piece of paper. One such piece, which was probably a fair sample, measured one and one-fourth inches by two and one-fourth, and contained two hundred and twenty-six despatches, the postage on which aggregated £100. This scrap of paper was placed within a bit of quill, which was securely attached so the shaft of one of the tail feathers of the appointed messenger. If the brave little pigeon safely ran the gauntlet of hawks, storms, fog, and German sharpshooters, upon its arrival the despatches were interpreted with a microscope, distributed, or publicly displayed.

During the siege sixty-four balloons came out of Paris containing ninety-one persons and three hundred and sixty-three pigeons. Of the pigeons only seventy-three found their way back; a few of them, however, two or three times, while one bird made six trips. A pigeon which was captured by the Germans and sent by Prince Frederick Charles to his mother, upon escaping from her loft after four years' confinement, returned to its Parisian home. Is it to be wondered at that the governments of France and Germany at the present time breed and keep in training great flocks of homing pigeons as a military measure?

—W. S. Barton, before Essex Institute.

General Custer's Pet.

At one time the general wanted a tiny field-mouse, and kept it in a large, empty inkstand on his desk. It grew very fond of him, and ran over his head and shoulders, and even through his hair. Women are not responsible for their fear of mice; they are born so. I had fortunately only to keep away from the desk when the little creature was free, for it was contented to consider that his domain. The general, thinking at last that it was cruel to detain the little thing in-doors, when it belonged by nature to the fields, took it out and left it on the plain. The kindness was of no earthly use; like the oft-quoted prisoner of the Bastille, it was back again at the steps in no time, and preferred captivity to freedom.

—Life in Dakota.

The Tame Deer and Her Fawn.

The three Morton children lived with their parents on the border of a thick wood, and they had a little dog called Waddle. You may see him in the picture. Now you must know that there were deer running wild in the wood, and one winter day a mother-deer came to the house, and the children fed her. The mother-deer did not forget their kindness, and the next summer, when she had a little fawn, or young deer, she came with the fawn to see the children. The children all came out—two girls and a baby boy—and Waddle came with them, and they fed the mother-deer and the fawn, and the fawn let them put their hands on its soft, warm head. Then the children played with them, and named the mother-deer Beauty and the fawn Darling, and at last, as the sun was setting, the two scampered off.

The next day some young men, with their guns and dogs, came into the woods, and, on seeing Beauty and Darling, one of the young men fired at them. But he was not a good marksman, for he did not hit either Beauty or Darling.

Now, what do you think Beauty and Darling did when they found that the young men and the dogs were bent on killing them? Why they ran straight to their good friends, the Morton children, and Mary, the eldest child, let them

come inside of the gate, and then shut it tight.

Soon the strange dogs came up and barked, and this put little Waddle into such a rage that he barked back as if he would split his throat. Then the young men came up, all ready to fire again at the deer; but when they saw Mr. Morton coming out of the house with a big horse-whip in his hand they turned about and ran away very quickly, for they knew they were trespassing on his grounds. So Beauty and Darling were saved, much to the joy of the children, and lived long and happily in those woods.

A True Anecdote.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

BY MRS. MARY JOHNSON.

A white kitten in Dorchester, rejoicing in the name of Ben, had a little sister Joanna, a tortoise-shell kitten, that, for some reason, was weak and puny. That Ben should play with her, sleep by her side, and eat from the same plate, of course was nothing remarkable. Kittens brought up together are rarely otherwise than good friends. But one day Ben showed himself a gentleman in the best sense of the word—generous and kind.

Their mistress, while busy cooking, or putting dishes away, threw down one bit of meat that happened to be left. She did not stop to cut it, but left it for whichever kitten happened to get it. (It was not their regular dinner hour.) Ben reached his paw towards it, but waited, looking at his mistress; when he found that she kept on with her work, and no more meat was forthcoming, he deliberately pushed the one piece towards Joanna, walked away, and lay down by the stove.

Whatever may be thought of the hereafter, some kittens seem to manifest larger souls here than many of their biped brethren.

A young lady of this vicinity was heard to address her sleeping cat with, "Puss, arouse from your lethargy." No wonder Boston is called the centre of culture.

—Tuftonian.

Fashion in Dogs.

The dog which to-day is considered the model of his kind may to-morrow be looked upon merely as an example of what was considered "good form" in the past.

—May Century.

The Minister's Pious Dog.

My father had a small and beautiful dog who rejoiced in the name of Fidelity. He differed from other good dogs only in being better than others, and in manifesting something that seemed like religious sensibility, or a peculiar attachment to religious places, people and services. He attended family worship with a punctuality and regularity that other members of the household might well have imitated, and certainly did not surpass. If a stranger were present—and much company visited our house—the dog's attention to him was regulated by his taking the lead, or not, in the religious worship of the household. If the visitor at my father's request conducted the worship the dog at once attached himself to his person, and when he departed the dog escorted him out of the village; sometimes going home with him to a neighboring town, and making him a visit of a few days. If the visitor did not perform any religious service in the house the dog took no notice of him while there, and suffered him to depart unattended and evidently unregretted.

Such a dog was, of course, an habitual attendant on the public services of the church on the Sabbath. It required extraordinary care to keep him at home. Shut up in a room he dashed through a window and was at church before the family. He was once shut up in an outhouse that had no floor. He dug out under the sill of the door, and was at church before the first psalm. In church he occupied the upper step of the pulpit within which his master ministered. He lay quiet during the service unless other dogs below misbehaved, in which case he left his seat, and after quieting the disturbance resumed it. He was equally devoted to the weekly prayer-meeting, which was held from house to house, the appointment being announced on the Sabbath. He remembered the evening and the place, and was always present. As it was not agreeable to have a dog at an evening meeting in a private house he was confined at home. The next week he went early, before the family had thought to shut him up, and waited for the hour and the people. He knew the names of the families where the meetings were held, and where they lived, and could have gone to any of them on an errand as easily and correctly as a child. And the only knowledge he had of the place of meeting he got as the others did, by hearing the notice on Sunday. These habits of the dog were not the fruit of education. On the contrary, pains were taken to prevent him from indulging his religious preferences. He did not manifest a fondness for other meetings, or for any individuals out of the family circle except those whom he recognized by their habit of praying, as the people in whom he was specially interested.

My father was wont to relate many other anecdotes of this remarkable animal, and the relation of them always caused his eyes to fill with tears. He had a strong impression that there was something very mysterious about this propensity of the dog, and being himself a sternly orthodox divine, he never ventured to express the opinion that the dog had moral perceptions, but I always thought he believed so.

—S. Irenæus Prime, D.D.

In all the Russias, Arabia, and other foreign countries blinders have never been used. There are three facts that will show their injurious effects: First, a horse naturally looks from the sides of the head. The constant strain upon the nerves and muscles, induced by blinders, causes weakness. Second, the blinders hold the dust about the eyes. Third, the horse shies when he approaches anything that causes fright, because the blinders prevent him from seeing it, and a loose blinder gives pain. Half blinders set back so the horse can keep his eye in the natural position, are sufficient and largely used, and thousands are discarding blinders entirely. Let any one give the question consideration, and the ridiculousness will be apparent. When blinders are removed, for a few drivings the horse will be lively, but the eye will soon become accustomed to seeing objects from the side of the head, and he will not shy to turn his head to see them.

—“Q.” in Grafton Co. Journal.

“Animals are like men.
Each has his true type set in the higher kind,
Though even these only rough-hewn as yet.”

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Cases Reported at Office in April.

For beating, 10; overworking and overloading, 2; overdriving, 4; driving when lame or galled, 60; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 10; torturing, 6; driving when diseased, 7; cruelly transporting, 1; general cruelty, 44.

Total, 146.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 72; warnings issued, 37; not found, 4; not substantiated, 19; anonymous, 3; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 10.

Animals taken from work, 51; killed, 72.

*Receipts by the Society in April.**FINES.*

From Justice's Court,—Georgetown, \$10.

District Court,—Waltham, [3 cases,] \$11.

Police Court,—Lowell, [2 cases,] \$30.

Municipal Court,—Brighton, [3 cases,] \$16.

Witness fees, \$9.70. Total, \$66.70.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Henry Saltonstall, \$50; Wm. R. Robeson, \$25; Mrs. Lucy R. Read, \$20; A. W. Lamson, \$15; Dr. Geo. C. Shattuck, \$6; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Trevor, \$4.

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Total, \$365.00.

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A. E. Middleton and M. H. Pinckney, \$12.50; Neb. Humane Society, \$6; Hugh Ronalds, \$2.68; Miss Rich, \$1.50; H. D. Noyes & Co., .40; M. S. Cooper, .16.

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FIFTY CENTS EACH.

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Total, \$46.24.

OTHER SUMS.

Publications sold, \$7.80.

Total receipts in April, \$485.74.

An Oxford, N. H., epitaph.

To all my friends I bid adieu;
A more sudden death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink.

—Baptist Weekly.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

“Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals,” by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
“Care of Horses,” .45 “
“Cattle Transportation,” by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 “
“Protection of Animals,” by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 “
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“How to Kill Animals Humanely,” by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 “
Humane Picture Card, “Waiting for the Master,” .75 “
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“Band of Mercy History,” by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 “
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